

HERR CHERRYTREE'S

PROSE AND POETRY

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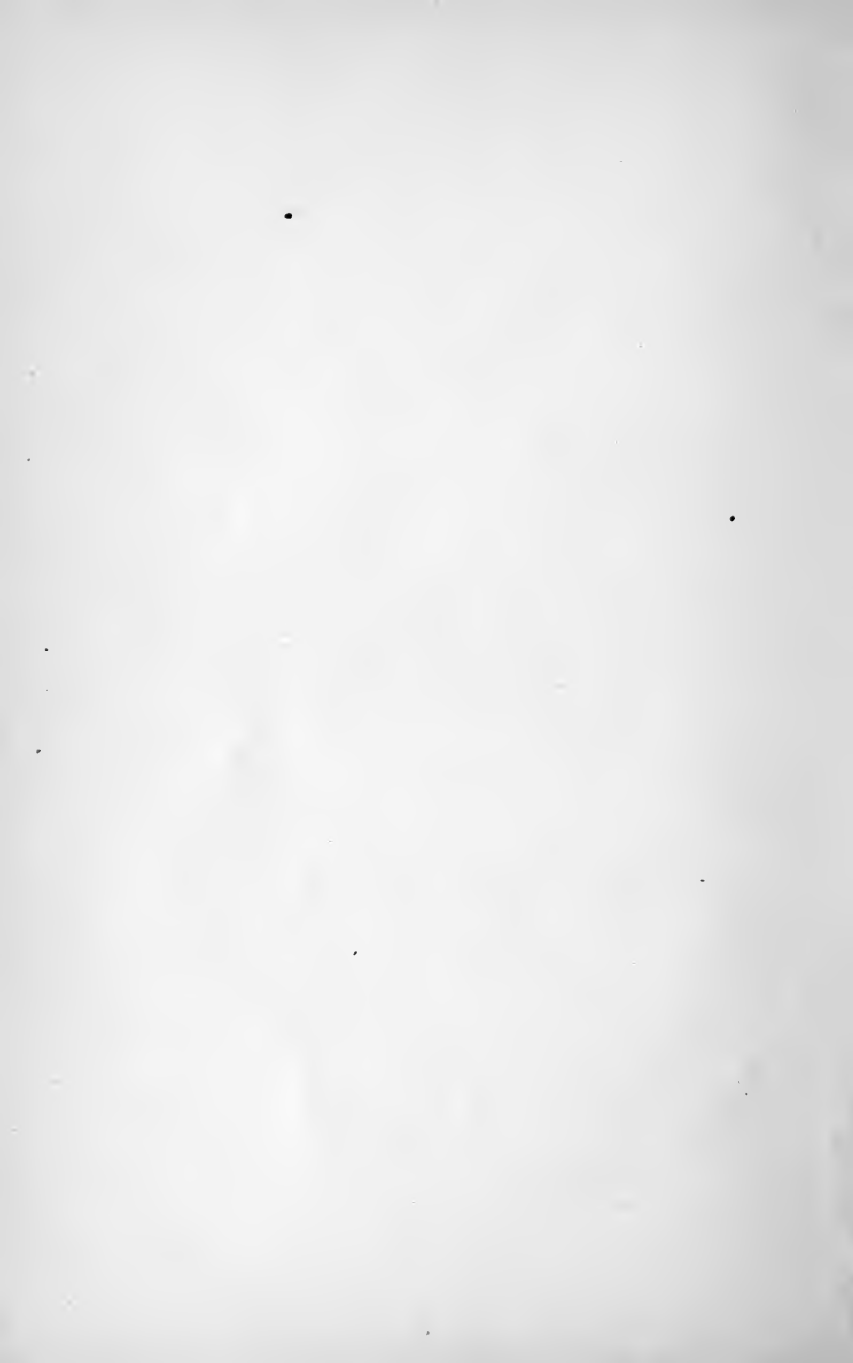
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HERR CHERRYTREE'S

PROSE AND POETRY

BY
HERR CHERRYTREE

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E. T. Herrick



NEW YORK:
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER
1889

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BY
JOHN B. ALDEN.

P R E F A C E .

I desire to call the attention of the public, to a more complete collection of my literary effusions ; time, means and circumstances are necessarily adequate for masterly accomplishments : prose and poetry writing is, with me, and perhaps always will be, a side issue, therefore let not the reader be too expectant or the critic too severe. I am confident, however, that some of these productions are worthy of a perusal, and firmly believe they will find a welcome among my friends, which will more than compensate for my undertaking.

HERR CHERRYTREE.

I believe in a friendship that is less in form
and more in truth, and therefore dedicate this
humble volume to him who either amid toil or
pleasure has proved himself my friend,

OLIVER M. WING.



C O N T E N T S.

My Album,	9
Are We Pulling Others Down ?	20
Ships that Never Sail,	21
The Public Giver,	22
The Answered Prayer,	23
My Mother's Grave,	25
The Dying Gull,	26
More Truth than Poetry,	27
The Beggar's Vesper,	30
Lines Written in N. Y. City upon hearing the Chimes,	31
Only a Brakeman,	32
The Moon Beams Forth in Grandeur,	34
Lines upon Seeing the Picture of Napoleon,	35
My Invitation,	36
The Renegade,	37
Lines Written in Union Square Park, N. Y. City,	40
To a Heliotrope,	41
The Golden Shell,	41
The Rabbit Hunter,	42
The Citadel,	43
Wee Jimmie,	46
Our Village,	47
She Gave Herself Up,	49
To a Teapot,	51
Miss Gossip,	52
The Mill on the Damn Side,	54
A New Fowl-piece,	55
The Escape,	56
Lines Written on the Beach at New Bedford,	57
The Death of Theodore Beane,	58
Ben and Ma,	59
The Broken Vase,	60

The Brook,	-	-	-	-	-	-	61
Ode to a Mosquito,	-	-	-	-	-	-	62
At Newport Cliffs,	-	-	-	-	-	-	63
A Railroad Crossing,	-	-	-	-	-	-	64
Purgatory,	-	-	-	-	-	-	65
Cherry Rot,	-	-	-	-	-	-	66
The Times,	-	-	-	-	-	-	67
Other Days,	-	-	-	-	-	-	73
The Poor-house took his Mother,	-	-	-	-	-	-	74
The City Bank,	-	-	-	-	-	-	76
I was a Millionaire,	-	-	-	-	-	-	77
Welcome,	-	-	-	-	-	-	80
Their Courtship,	-	-	-	-	-	-	81
Dying Alone,	-	-	-	-	-	-	82
A Likelihood,	-	-	-	-	-	-	83
Rocks,	-	-	-	-	-	-	84
A Candidate,	-	-	-	-	-	-	85
Death,	-	-	-	-	-	-	86
Orators, via Sore-heads,	-	-	-	-	-	-	86

HERR CHERRYTREE'S PROSE AND POETRY.

MY ALBUM.

I.

There 's an album on my table
Filled with faces young and old ;—
And I will where I am able
Tell you whom these pages hold.

Here it is unclasped and open
To a face so calm and sweet ;—
Of one who has gone to Heaven,
And 'tis her I hope to meet !

'Tis the picture of my mother
That now fills my eyes with tears—
When I think she's gone forever,
Or I live again in years.

How the scenes come up before me
As I look upon thy face ;
And I feel this truth about thee
None can ever fill thy place !

Mother, may thy spirit guide me
In the right with faultless aim.
'Twas the great good God who called thee,
And I know we'll meet again !

II.

Of my pictures none are dearer
Than the one I hold to view,
While I turn upon another
With a heart both firm and true ;—
'Tis the one I have selected
And with whom I weave my life,
'Tis the one whom none suspected
I would make my wedded wife.

Now I dote not of her beauty
Nor of figure so divine—
She has more than done her duty
And met me half way every time ;—
If 'tis style and handsome creature
That you want in life's decline,
You will find you lack the feature
That has made our home sublime.

For a life of peace and quiet
In our humble little home,
Is the highest in our diet
And an aiming all our own ;—
For the flash and guilt of fashion
But disturb the peaceful tide,

'Tis an optical delusion
 Going hand and hand with pride.

Ah! The many bright to-morrows
 We have drawn at close of day;—
 Aye! the many bitter sorrows
 We have turned the other way!—
 May the swift approaching future
 Still sustain our common joy,
 And the wish of this dear creature
 With a darling little boy.

III.

This photo of mine
 Comes next in my rhyme
 And recalls the far away days:—
 When I went with "Flo,"
 Where pictures were low,
 And found we had double to pay.

We sat for the man,
 In front of the cam,
 And looked at the dame with the watch;—
 The picture was made
 Behind a green shade
 And my folks said the man was a botch.

Dad said it was off,
 And Granny would cough
 When told of the artist so great;—

For "Flo" in her stays
Tried looking both ways
While I kept my gazing too straight.

'Tis "Flo" that I praise,
And not the bad ways
That time in its fullness may bring;—
'Tis easy to fall
And common to all,
Then look out before you begin.

These days now are fled
Poor "Flo" she is dead!
And sleeps with her burden of shame,
Where the tall wavy grass,
Nodding low as we pass,
Just covers the rest of her name.

IV.*

Peg! Peg! Peg!
All day in thy cobbler's shop;—
Peg! Peg! Peg!
Some day thy labor will stop.

Peg! Peg! Peg!
Thou must send thy boys to school;—
Peg! Peg! Peg!
But stick to thy lowly stool.

* MY FATHER.

Peg! Peg! Peg!
 With heart both cheery and gay ;—
 Peg! Peg! Peg!
 Is now the tune of thy lay.

Peg! Peg! Peg!
 As the hours roll swiftly past ;—
 Peg! Peg! Peg!
 But think of the gifts thou hast.

Sing! Sing! Sing!
 All day in thy cobbler's shop ;—
 Sing! Sing! Sing!
 Some day thy hammer will stop.

Sing! Sing! Sing!
 With heart both cheery and gay ;
 Sing! Sing! Sing!
 The songs for thy brighter day.

Sing! Sing! Sing!
 All day in thy humble sphere ;—
 Sing! Sing! Sing!
 The morn of the night is near.

Sing! Sing! Sing!
 All day on thy lowly stool ;—
 Sing! Sing! Sing!
 The truth of thy life shall rule.

v.

I'll now introduce,
Miss Silly Profuse
With her "Langtry" bangs and freckles ;—
Who married in haste,
The man of her taste
Whom she thought had plenty of shekels.

He likewise for cents,
Made use of his sense,
And married Miss Silly for money ;—
They lived just a year,
With honeymoon clear,
When things began to look funny.

In comfortable ways,
They passed many days
Nor thought of the money going ;—
They saw not the bend,
But rushed to the end
Like a river over-flowing.

It came out at last,
By living too fast,
A dearth of the legal-tender ;—
He said he was pressed,
And looked much distressed
When she couldn't think of a lender.

She spoke of an aunt,
Who owned a rich plant,

And got her to mortgage her place ;—
She took to his schemes,
Provided him means,
And he skipped without leaving a trace.

And over the way,
I saw her to-day,
As she answered a call at the door ;—
A maid and a cook,
To the man she shook
For the one who had driven her poor.

VI.

Sage, I a poor and studious recluse,
Do here invoke the presence of the muse,
And vie to thee my humbly metered strain,
The least of all in thy memorial train ;—
Should insignificance share with my verse,
My skill but fails to cope my heart's reverse ;
But should, though indistinct, some kindly word
Scarce mention what thou hast already heard,
Perceive that I have thanked the *Whittier*
For what the world hath called the seer.
And though thy harp is stayed by weaker grasp,
Thy songs now teach the art is not in clasp ;
But that it is of pure celestial fire,
That fills thy heart and vibrates from thy lyre.
Sing on ! O, bard ! in thy melodious way,
To be original is thine every lay.

VII.

Dr. G. Felix Matthes, one of the oldest and most respected physicians of New Bedford, died at his home Sunday after a protracted illness.—*Boston Journal*.

Old friend! thou tried and trusted one,
In youthful days I knew thee well;—
Familiar face when ills begun,
To thee I tend the last farewell!

Though many pains thou hast deceived,
The great physician knew thy cure;
And though by death alone relieved,
Thy skillful worth will long endure.

Fulfillment this, thy final "call,"
"Prescription" we in time receive;—
With restoration for us all
Who this physician do believe.

The humble mound! the peaceful home!
Will give her tired children rest;—
This mound is thine! this hearth thine own,
A home for all is surely blest.

And far beyond this restful spot
Where care and misery lose their way;—
I hear this truth by spirits wrought,
"The Doctor's in," they seem to say.

VIII.

Now we have an old tin-peddler,
 With his cry of "any rags?"—
 Out in every kind of weather
 And he drives the worst of nags.

He will take the rags and bottles
 That you're tired of seeing round ;—
 And he'll save the broken stopples
 They will help to make a pound.

He will buy those old back numbers,
 And at leisure look them through ;—
 At your book-shelf oft he plunders,
 He's an antiquarian, too.

He can use the old tin-kettle
 That for years you've thrown away ;—
 He will save the bits of metal,
 And you'll get them back some day.

Some new piece of tin he'll barter
 When you've filled his cart with rags ;—
 And with all his noisy clatter,
 Still I hear the cry of "rags."

Though his clothes are not in fashion,
 And he drives the worst of nags,
 Still he owns a princely mansion
 That he built from worthless rags.

IX. *

This lady of style,
Suggests quite a smile
As I look at her picture here ;—
For she lost a nice brooch,
While in her barouche
That glistened with diamonds dear.

She looked everywhere,
But saw not its glare,
And the gem could nowhere be found ;—
Though given as lost,
She felt not its cost,
For her wealth had never known bound.

And all winter long,
It was passed by a throng,
While yet in the gutter it lay ;—
But one lucky night,
It chanced to show bright,
And was seen by a man old and gray.

His thoughts were serene,
And he eyed it keen,
When told of its value so high ;—
But heard who had lost,
A gem of rare cost,
And took it to owner near by.

* LADY GAUL.

He stood at the door,
While maid did ignore
His clothes that were seemingly bare ;—
But the lady came,
With her airy train,
And accepted the gems so rare.

She bowed with a smile,
In her queenly style,
And told him to wait in the hall ;—
He is waiting *yet*,
A reward to get,
From lady with millions of gall.

x.

Here I reach my album's ending
With a country parson's face ;—
And far better than his preaching
Was the time for saying grace

And for fear *I* may be tiring
All the patience you can boast,
I will close my picture rhyming,
And now imitate my host.

Reader, seek the poet's treasure,
In the throbbings of thy heart ;—
Value not his meagre measure,
'Tis the wardrobe of the art.

If you've felt a moment's pleasure,
In the reading of his rhyme,
You have found the truthful measure,
And your soul will swell the chime.

ARE WE PULLING OTHERS DOWN ?

In this world of fleeting chances,
Where we all desire renown,
Do we thrive by mean advances,
Are we pulling others down ?

Did you gain your place by merit,
Have you worked on honest ground ;—
Unassuming is the ferret,
Are you pulling others down ?

Are you sure you were elected,
Do you own the envied crown ;—
Have you craft and fraud rejected,
Are you pulling others down ?

Did you win your love by fairness,
Was your suit with truth profound ;—
Have you left no heart in sadness,
Are you pulling others down ?

In this world so great with pleasure,
Are you spreading cares around ;—
Have you crushed some struggling creature,
Are you pulling others down ?

Have you felt the pangs of hunger,
Do you look for true renown ?
Rise by helping one another,
Love can never pull you down.

Lift the fallen, soothe the wretched !
Let your life with good abound ;—
All are great with this respected,
None shall rise by pulling down !

SHIPS THAT NEVER SAIL.

In my hours of needed leisure,
Sad with life that seems to slave,
Ethereal tends my pleasure
Though my fetters bid me stay !

Thoughts alike are going, coming,
Building ships that never sail !
Coursing rivers never flowing,
Making time an idle tale !

Though vain are all my fancies
Scarcely uttered into thought ;—
Yet the beauty of a flower
Is a painted daub on cloth.

Softly, then, with your reflection,
On this poorly metered line ;—
'Tis a chord of my affection
Slowly coming into time !

God may make and rule the ocean,
Man, the ships that *he* can scale;—
But forever my creation -
Be the ships that never sail.

THE PUBLIC GIVER.

I am a great public giver,
On the European plan,
That is, the gracious receiver
Must say *I* am the man !

Now, in the city of W——r,
To the cream of the town,
If I am a fair reader,
He gave a million down !

For the handsomest college
That the money could build,
For the advancement of knowledge
To the very well filled !

But not for the poor and studious,
Who are without the means,
But for the rich and luxurious
Who wallow in gleams.

For the poor can never enter
That great bronzen door !
It is only for the scholar
With his volumes of lore.

And the name of the giver
Will be chiseled in stone !
As a fitting reminder
And for the deed atone.

The poor are still hungry !
The sick are in bed !
But heed not the needy
And feed the well fed !

And in your donation
If to make a big spread,
A college is the notion
For it *stands* when you're *dead* !

THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

I will ask you to go with me up three flights of stairs ;—they are steep, rickety, and it seems a long way up, but we soon get to the top, and in doing so we will enter a small attic chamber. The moon has arrived just ahead of us, and its silvery beams come pouring in at the shattered window. In one corner of the room a youth is lying, hidden partially from view by a few ragged coverings ;—at the other end of the room sits a poor way-worn looking creature, her eyes red with weeping and fixed upon the feeble blaze of a few dying embers, and this is what she says :—

“ My prayer is answered ! that eternal prayer has been that I might see my darling boy close his eyes in death ere it stung this withered frame ; —and when death shall force its way upon this lingering life I can welcome it in peace, thinking at my dying hour that I have not left an idiot to face this cruel, heartless world, and I shall meet my little family at the fireside of an eternal home.

“ How well do I remember the day when all my trials vanished, and Heaven seemed to smile upon my little home ; when I was thanking God for his most bountiful gifts, the door of this room slowly opened and strange men entered, bearing in their arms my little boy ! They soothed my sobs by telling me he could not live, that he had been hit by a stone which would make an idiot of him—a helpless barden to a poverty-stricken mother ! He brought no words of comfort to my care-worn head, he gave no helping hand to my dreary work, yet I will miss him ;—he was my boy ! and I will miss him when the village bells toll the Sabbath hour, as he took his little Bible in his hand, and his staggering steps led him to the neighboring church. There crouched in some far-off corner he would sit and look with wonder upon its golden edges ; and when the service was ended he would come running down the lane in his foolish glee. —His earthly life is past, and now perhaps each

truth bound beneath those golden edges momentarily reveals itself to a happy sinless mind.

“And when the cares of this world shall crowd about my weary head, and dark clouds o’ershadow my life, one thought will linger with me still, to break the threatening mist ; as he lay dying on this damp, cold floor, and I held his aching head, though it were forbidden him to speak with sense, yet his face bore a calm and thankful smile ; and as I have often beckoned to him at the twilight hour, may he soon beckon to me when I shall turn the last bend in the road of life.—I, the only mourner, will follow the pauper’s hearse as it wends its way slowly to the churchyard, where flowers bloom and fade, where the crickets chirp their lonely vespers.”



MY MOTHER’S GRAVE

I stood beside the place to-day
 And looked upon the grass-grown mound,
 Wherein my dear good mother lay,
 At rest in death, asleep profound !

I lingered long beside the grave,
 The essential spot, the chiseled stone ;—
 With heavy heart respectfully paid,
 I left as I had come, alone !

But with each step there seemed to come,
A spirit quite along the street ;—
That brought to mind my dear old home,
Now gone ! forever obsolete !

I tried my mind to occupy,
With thoughts of far different mood ;—
But the spirit seemed forever by,
Hasten or linger as I would.

I leaned against the old stone wall,
And brushed the tell-tale tears away,
Filled with a more fervent resolve
That I would do her will next day.

And the haunt seemed to have left me,
As I journeyed my way along ;—
New thoughts now came up before me
And gave the finish to my song.

THE DYING GULL.

Oft hast thou soared in dizzy flight,
But now thy course deludes thy sight ;—
And boldly plunged into the main
That chills thy heart, that yields the pain.
Poor bird ! kind death hath hushed thine ear
To those who know thou art so dear ;—
Who from the cliff, that fronts the sea,
Call, call, in vain, in vain for thee !

And now, thy mate moves o'er thy head
To turn in swiftness from the dead ;—
For death's last sleep hath closed thine eye,
And the great waves that pass thee by
Murmur a sad dirge on the way,
For a spirit hath flown away.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

*Scene :—*The gateway of Heaven ;—the guard arousing from sleep.

The Guard :

Heyday ! no one here ! incomparable !
Never before has such occurred with me ;
Methinks the fair Mors has been negligent,
Or, some, perhaps, have passed unobserved. It
Is true I slept soundly ; and yet, the jar
Of the gate usually awakens
Me : I'll see. Ah ! who's that ? His maneuvers
Are unfamiliar. [*Beckons to some one on the in-*
side.] Hither ! with thyself !

Enter JOHN CALVIN through the gate.

I would see thy pass !

John Calvin :

I am without such.

I neglected to obtain one upon
My arrival.

The Guard :

Sneaking it, hey ?

John Calvin :

Sir ? I

Found thee asleep when I came, and seeming
So weary, that I would have awakered
Thee against my own conscience ; and thinking
That I should meet with some who knew me, I
Entered to find every thing very strange !

The Guard :

Truly ! who art thou, that thou should'st have the
Audacity to take such upon thyself ?
This is the gate of Heaven !

John Calvin :

I am John

Calvin ;—more, he who has serviced life for
The master ; I am the founder of the
Baptist faith !

The Guard :

Enter, pass upon the left,
This will admit thee to thy abiding.

[After giving check, J. C. passes through gate.
Methinks *that* fellow must have scaled the wall,
I perceived a tear upon his breeches.
Ah ! why here, gospel monger ?

Enter MR. ILLHUMORED, with Bible under his arm, who
meekly discloses himself.

Mr. Illhumored :

Verily !

I am a preacher of the blessed word,
I have attended church since the first day
I adorned short clothes ; I have with me praise-

Worthy remarks of my ability
To fill the pastorate of the Methodist
Creed ; I have nightly prayed for the sceptic,
The heathen, and have visited sisters
Of my flock when ill inclined ; I
Am very amiable, although my
Name bespeaks the reverse ; I plead therefore !

The Guard :

Have done ! prattler ! and pass upon the right ;
At the farther end of the domicile
You will perceive the name signifying
Thy sect ; this check will admit thee ; hold no
Conversation with those whom you may meet
On the way, for they are members of the
Jury and are now out on a case. Oh !

[Exit Mr. Illhumored.

Dear ! I am sick of this business ; I have
Grown poor since I have held the position ;—
Spiritual food may be a healthy
Diet, but never sates my appetite.

[Singing within.

There ! he is welcome on the beautiful
Shore. Ah ! that confounded hymn has duped
me
Of more rest than it has the Devil of
Souls : Ha !

Enter a poor trembling Indian.

What unsightly thing is this ? so
Trembling ! who art thou and what hast thou
done

That *thou* should'st look for entrance here ? what
thy
 Creed ? have out thy say !

The Indian :

I have done nothing !

I have no creed ! I am uncivilized !

Untaught ! wild ! I am an Indian !

Yet, I believe in the "Great Spirit."

The Guard :

Get

Thee in ! and where *thou* art disposed to go,
 So goest thou ; Heaven is wide to thee.

THE BEGGAR'S VESPER.

The last rays of the setting sun were falling in the attic of a nearly deserted dwelling ; an old man is sitting by the window looking out upon the market place. I cannot look upon his withered frame and whitened hair, without thinking that his life, with the sun, is setting, and now its rays are faintly glimmering. A clumsy tread now falls upon the hollow-sounding stairs, a smile flits across the old man's face, and his eyes, though dimmed with age, sparkle in youthful glow. The door opens and a little cripple hobbles into the room ; her face is familiar for I have seen her plodding her way home from

school, never joining in the sports of her play-mates.

The vesper bells had now commenced their evening chimes, and these children, one a child with God, the other with man, were listening to their evening hymns:—"My child! for us the vesper bells have chimed their evening hymns, and this pleasant silence that steals upon us with the shadows of the night is our silent prayer! let us, as they within the distant church, bow in silent reverence to One Divine."

And the little cripple knelt upon the floor; her pale features raised toward the ceiling, with her hands fervently clasped, gave her the aspect of an angel;—as the western hills glowed in their sunlit garb, so her thoughts glowed in the invisible garb of happiness. The old man awoke from his dreaming thoughts to look with pleasure upon the little wayfarer that knelt beside him;—but now, the curtain of night has shielded them from our view, and casts from its folds of darkness the needful sleep.

LINES.

Written in New York City, Sunday evening, April 14th, 1878, upon hearing the chime-bells.

I sit by my window and listen,
To the sweetly chiming bells;

And their melody seems to christen
My soul with wondrous spells.

And now I gaze upon the moonlight,
As it fills the street below ;—
Mirroring fair and happy faces
And many full sad with woe.

For now, I see a pleading vagrant,
Who vainly asks for bread—
As she totters along the pavement
Wishing ! wishing ! to be dead.

Oh ! chimes, sweet with music to my ear,
Move her to better things below ;—
And teach as well the mighty million
Good and better deeds to show.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

These are words we hear every day
As we pass the crossing gate,
Only a brakeman over the way,
Killed by the down-coming freight.

Only a brakeman, that is all !
Lying dead on our coal-house floor ;—
In answer to the whistle's call
A member of the down brakes corps !

Only a coroner, that is all !
 Attending now the final rites ;—
 Only a brakeman, that is all !
 That he in his diary writes.

Only a home, forever gone !
 Only a face, forever sad !
 This is the railroad's daily song
 As they wave their blood-colored flag.

Only a stockholder, that is all !
 Counting now his worldly gains—
 Who reads not of the brakeman's fall !
 Nor feels his terrible pains.

Only a company, getting rich !
 In an undertaker's style,
 With a life for every switch
 And funeral for every mile !

Only a God, that is all !
 President of the finest line—
 Where none smash up, nor brakeman fall,
 And they make their regular time.

Only justice; that is all !
 Final statement of railroad gains,
 When dividends take the fall
 And stock-holders divide the pains.

“ When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him resolved to clay and turned to dust
Presented with a monumental bust !
The Poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread and he received a stone.”

The moon beams forth in grandeur,
As I in my chamber sit ;—
And night is bathed in brightness
While my humble room is lit.

The world's abed and sleeping
And the midnight guard moves on ;—
While I my vigil keeping
With the old rejected song !

For poets live and vanquish
Like the shadows of a night ;—
They sing, and starve, and languish,
While the world is ever bright.

An attic and a rag-heap
Tells where they sung and died ;—
And Muses paid their visits
Where cities point with pride !

And this is true distinction,
And still the ready fate ;—
For Muses court starvation
While fools grow fat with state.

LINES.

Written upon looking at the picture of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Alone in thought and meditation,
 Brooding over the wasted past,
 Regretting all my hasty actions,
 Promising it will be the last.

Haunted by a reproachful vision,
 Fearful to-morrow grants no change,
 I long for the earth's quiet dwelling
 And departure from life's dark range.

And I gaze upon the lamp-lit picture
 That hangs suspended on the wall,
 The great and only Napoleon,
 Prolific in his sad downfall !

As I look into his downcast face,
 Neglected in his rock-bound seat,
 Looking out into the ocean,
 Another " Waterloo " beyond retreat !

My hopes seem to be growing brighter,
 For a soldier's in the room !
 And my cares are lifting from me
 In the great Napoleon's gloom !

And who cannot look about them,
 No matter how bowed down with care,
 And always find alleviation,
 In another's far greater share ?

MY INVITATION.

I've had an invitation
To a very swell affair ;—
And my basket of provision
Entitles me a chair.

'Twill be a selected social
For only a chosen few,
But in the grand old total
I shall be there with both feet, too.

For we are the people
And distinct from the rest,
As the Methodist steeple
Is like Bartholdi's best.

Oh ! society is the stuff,
Especially in a little town ;—
I say it's a game of bluff
Played only by a clown !

Now remember this timely tip
And take it with you home ;—
Village eyes are sizing it,
'Tis for all, not you alone.

But thinking of that invitation,
That finally comes to all—
Of that grand association
Where God alone will call !

Will you be among the chosen
 Selected with the few ?
 Assessors they are holden
 To keep the records true.

For there we'll have society,
 Without the silk and satin flounce,
 And cod-fish aristocracy,
 Will surely get the bounce.

THE RENEGADE.

Scene :—A wood ; Philip, the Sachem, is sitting near a few blazing fagots, seeming in deep thought : by his side sleeps his little son.

Beneath yon nighted shades, sleep the remnant
 Of my little band ;—encamped where death is
 Sentry. Ah ! the sainted ones of creed have
 Else than befooled me, our homes are laid waste,
 Our pleasant camp-fires treacherous comforts !
 My tattered force, strewn like the autumn leaves,
 And, as the naked shrub yields to the storm,
 So, I must bow to their prosperous sway.
 The Indian hath sheltered those who have
 Made him homeless ! Ah ! he hop'd for those,
 who

Have filled him with despair ! he welcom'd those
 To whom he bids no farewell ; aye ! curs'd be
 They, who like the viper seem to fondle,
 Yet, move with deadly aim ! Night, has thrown
 its

Cloak about me, and ere it be too late

I must scan our darksome way.

As he is about to leave, the Renegade enters, wasted
and wayworn.

Alas! what

Evil spirit hath led thee to this wood?

Renegade :

The spirit of Revenge!

Philip :

Miscreant! is

Not my wretched lot enough to move thy

Harden'd heart, or hath a fifth sense ne'er been

Quoted in thy frame?

Renegade :

Dolt? thy prating tongue,

Doth flatter thee! the name fool quests pity;

Benighted is he that gives thee such; thou

Hast slain my brother! gloat filled thine eyes as

They watched the blood that flow'd from his
youthful

Form; he who would invoke the blessings of

Peace; and thou did'st smite him to the earth,
aye,

Leaving him for the raven's meal! But one

More like the just than thee, laid him beneath

The woodland's turf, where the cypress bends in

Mournful attitude and the rustling leaves

Alone pay heed to his sepulchre: I

Come to avenge the wronged!

Philip :

As the wayworn
Traveller greets the nearing hut, so I
Welcome the approach of death ! the resistive
Abode, that dawns in peaceful aspect at
The bend of life. Long have I baffl'd the
White man ; longer, I cannot oppose ; my
Heart is sad, my spirit broken ; like the
Wounded doe, I seek the quiet inlet,
But my blood betrays me. Traitor !! my breast
Is bare.

Renegade :

How with thy brat ? Dost hear the cries
That plead for thy return ? Know'st thou that the
Light of civilization will be to
Him an Ignis Fatuus ? from its circling
Depths never can he retreat.

Philip :

Faithless wretch !
As thou hast belied the blood that suckl'd
Thee, so may that, which thou dost foster, meet
Thee likewise !

[The boy has awakened and recognizing the Renegade,
runs to his side.]

Oh ! God ! he greets thy coming.
Ah ! it seems as though it were of yester
Noon, that he played upon thy knee ; that his
Hand was clasped about thy neck ; O ! death !
bid
The poor sachem pass within that camp, where

Sleep soothes the troubl'd head and rests the
weary
Fugitive !

Renegade :

Ha ! that scene doth gall my soul !
Memory ! thou conscientious blab, would'st
Balk me here ? tut, this is nature's whim. Brat,
Away ! thy presence would make an oaf of
Me. Murderer ! we are quits, when this blade
Shall find its sheath within thy heart.

[He rushes upon him : they fight : Philip falls fatally
wounded : his child runs to him, Philip grasps his knife
and stabs him as the Renegade is about to tear him away.]

Fooled ? Ah !

Flesh, though drudge to the thought, I would
give thee

Liberty ;—could it be in death ? the night
To all, wherein the sleeper need not turn
His pillow o'er. Alas ! should I in the
Stead of peace find a hell : whither then my
Soul ? Ah ! presuming tenant of this mortal
Dwelling ! I cast thee out ! thou art to all
A stranger, yet, death will take thee in.

[Stabs himself.

LINES.

Written in Union Square Park, New York City, April
13th, " '78."

Sing, little birds upon the branches,
Merry warblers of the spring ;—

Pleasing to me the varied fancies
 Thou art yearly wont to bring.

Refreshing now, thy spring-time chirrup,
 In the city's noisy din,
 As is the cooling breeze that prancing
 Marks with spray the river's brim.

Perplexed with cares that seem to weary,
 I yearn for thy freedom more !
 And that which I value so dearly
 Is but least of all thy store.

TO A HELIOTROPE.

Stay, guest within my chamber,
 Welcome to the place you hold,
 As are the thoughts you render
 To the dwelling of my soul.

Sweet reminder of a Being,
 Stay, and in thy meekly way,
 Still retain to earth a seeming,
 Warmed by more than Heaven's ray.

THE GOLDEN SHELL.

A little maid wanders by the sea,
 Gathering golden shells for me ;—
 Filling her pretty pinafore,

Heedless of the waves that wet her o'er :
Her limbs are graced in nature's hose,
Her hair is like the shells in glow.
Ah ! she hath passed, to come no more,
No, though I saunter o'er and o'er,
The sands will ne'er again relate
That I have tarried, I am late ;—
Yet I too shall go her way,
Oh ! should it seem like one dark day,
Void of a light to guide me on,
Oh ! faith, wilt thou be ever strong ?
And let me take her golden shell,
To know that it may only tell,
Of her who has gone before !
Who leaves me wandering on the shore.

THE RABBIT HUNTER.

I am a great rabbit hunter
And noiseless on the tread ;
My dog, he is a cooler,
A perfect thoroughbred !

My gun, 'tis made of finest tin,
When others I cannot horrow,
And just the same through thick or thin,
The rabbits yell with sorrow !

'Twas yesterday we struck a track
And followed it for half a mile,

And when we came up to the scratch
We found we'd only struck "a smile."

For there in the bushes so neat
Lay a pint of the hunter's kit ;
And but for my protruding feet,
The dog and I, we'd had a *rare-bit* !

THE CITADEL.

The village bells were tolling; some one was dead, for the old sexton stood in the entry-way of the meeting-house pulling down upon the ropes, as a waggon driven by a couple of soldiers was passing. The village smith leaned upon his anvil, and the neighboring grocer was looking over his glasses upon the meek procession : who was dead ? nobody knew ; it was a soldier who had fallen, in battle and his blood-stained garments only identified his regiment.

A forsaken and destitute looking creature now came tottering along, muttering to herself :—"He is dead ! and they will not let me see his face — no, they will not let me see my Jamie." This unfortunate soul had lost a son in the war ; he left her, enlisted and was never heard from, and the loss of her only boy had sorrowfully affected her mind. She stopped as she reached the corner, and looking tenderly into the face of a little girl

that stood there with her companion, she said :—
“ You did not know my boy, did you ? they are taking him away.” And she looked up after the slowly moving cart, which was ascending the winding hill : the little girls detected her averted movement, and half-frightened ran away, shouting “ It’s old Martha, the crazy woman.”

The miserable woman watched them for a moment with tearful eyes, and then turned away, talking to herself, as before :—“ Yes, I am crazy, the gray-haired sire meets me with a chuckle, the boy imparts his scorn in snow, the maiden smiles at my rags ! world how cold thou art ! my boy ! my poor boy ! he left his home, his mother, his companions, to defend his endangered country—he tells his love by dying for his hate—he falls in battle, as the flower falls, imparting sweetness in its death ! The world deprives me of hope and leaves me with despair. I ask for that which has made my home a heaven, and I am crazy ; I ask for aid, and I am a pauper ! Oh ! world, can all my askings receive the answer that will give me hope once more, once again fill this poor old heart with gladness ? then give me back my boy !”

She had now reached the graveyard and stood leaning against the great stone post as the last of a few curious followers entered the cemetery ; she stood like one in a dream for a few moments,

and then moved along, reaching the newly made grave as those who had gathered were taking the last look at the dead soldier.

There he lay clothed in the armor of the battlefield—his features were not discernible—his hand paled with death lay across his bosom, and a star of our banner, crimsoned with his blood, lay over the fatal wound : the poor trembling woman stood near, looking upon his mutilated form ;—she seemed quite calm, then suddenly her eyes fell upon a fragment of paper which just appeared above the pocket of blue, and moved as though with the rapidity of lightning she snatched it, and opening it she read : “ Mother, we are in the fight, and I hear the cries of victory.” “ My God ! it is my boy ! ” and she fell to the ground in a swoon.

When she awoke it was at her home, in the old house near the church ; the news had spread quickly over the little village, and familiar faces stood at her bedside. The little girl whom we have seen before, stood there watching the return of consciousness, and when it dawned she welcomed it with a kiss ;—and this childish way to seek forgiveness formed by love a citadel, and its guardless walls held the stay of the lingering soul in security.

WEE JIMMIE.

Of all the themes that find my pen
And occupy my leisure time ;—
I take no greater pleasure then
To give “ Wee Jimmie ” now the rhyme.

The kid that came from Scotland’s isle
And reached us with our greatest storm ;—
With snow piled high, and stormy sky
He verily looked forlorn.

He found the town half hid from sight
Asleep beneath the winter snows ;—
He found a home both warm and bright
And now for dear New England crows.

Our town it has its wise prelates
And great big men do here abound ;—
But all are cakes at pitching quakes
When “ Wee Jimmie ” is on the ground.

He puts to sleep the latest clogs
And scoops the shining coppers in ;—
He envies none their better togs
“ Wee Jimmie ” ’s a trump and bound to win.

“ Wee Jimmie ” has no father’s aid
His mother works the live-long while ;—
His age is six, he never kicks,
He is a dandy without guile.

He stands upon his ample head
With a smile upon his face ;—
He goes to sleep in any bed
And easy gives his cares the chase.

He writes his name in better style
Than half the full grown men in town ;—
He turns hand springs and daily sings
He is our Harlequin and clown.

And on great independence day
He appeared in a fine disguise :—
He left his betters all at bay—
And fairly took the leading prize.

For on he came in his barouche,
Disguised in a real pair of shoes ;—
Take down the spread, make up his bed,
We'll give " wee Jimmie " now a snooze.

OUR VILLAGE.

NORTH GRAFTON.

Our thriving village you will find,
Within great W——r's wide domain ;—
And though in size we're *far* behind,
We take a place in point of fame.

We are a fly-speck of a place,
Surrounded by great wooded hills,—

Where wind and gossip daily race
And neighbors know each others' ills.

'Twas here great Belcher came in state,
With title for the infant town ;—
While Indians with surplus great
Were lining out the new-sold ground.

And now we note our present age,
When woods give way to stately homes ;—
And iron rails surpass the stage,
Connecting us with many zones.

We have our schools and churches too,
Where godly words do not attract ;—
For empty most is every pew,
While rabbits they can swear to that.

We have our great societies,
Where morals they alone exist ;—
And none have improprieties,
As our history will insist.

We have our big and little men,
Who used to do the town with paint ;—
But now, they all get in at ten
Or put up with their wife's complaint.

We have our wills and law disputes,
Where honest bills will scarcely hold ;—
And few succeed with good reputes
While flip and forward stalk the bold.

We have our air-gun gallery,
 A banker for our tid-bit change ;—
 With target nailed beneath the tree
 And trains on wing for finer range.

We have our corner grocery shop,
 Where villagers will nightly gad ;—
 To take their share of home-brewed hop
 And really prove it's not so bad.

We used to have a big brass band,
 That filled the night with mad refrains ;—
 But cats were soon to leave the land,
 And cracked became our window panes.

We have our slim and buxom girls,
 Who think they put the town to sleep ;—
 Who spread broadcast the latest frills
 And really make us obsolete.

In fact we share our worldly fame
 Like other towns within the State ;—
 I fain would give our proper name,
 But we are quite N—— G—— of late.

—

SHE GAVE HERSELF UP.

Within the depths of woody glade
 Where trace of man is scarcely seen—
 A frightened deer by thirst delayed,
 Stood close beside a wayward stream.

While far away and near the brush
A hound close snuffling on the ground,
With cracky bark and sudden rush,
Now starts the pack in eager bound.

Howl upon howl now reach the ear
While hunters haste to cheer the pack—
And far beyond the listening deer
Knows well the hounds are on her track.

With fearless plunge, she vaults the brook
Nor stops till sounds have died away ;—
And when she does, that restless look
Predicts the hounds are still at bay.

A crackling shot now checks her stay
And badly crippled on she bounds,
While belching dogs perceive their prey,
And fill the woods with furious sounds.

And deep into the marshy place
The driven deer bewildered reels ;—
While hounds close up the narrow space
And follow fast upon her heels.

And just beyond the high-grown grove
Behold the deer's half human feat ;—
Now sorely pressed, to mercy drove,
She flings herself at woodman's feet.

This as the very last resort
To seek protection from the hounds,

But proves a faith too dearly bought
For woodman's axe with blood abounds.

O, brutal man ! to thus betray
The simple faith of helpless doe ;—
Thou worse than hounds that track their prey,
How could'st thou strike the heartless blow?

Thou, too, on some unlucky day
When driven by oppressive foe,
May'st look for aid and meet thy pay
Like this poor harmless, helpless doe.



TO A TEA-POT.

Dull urn, like harper of the self-same tune
That promotes a charm to the old maid's doom !
Methinks the abler bards have failed to sing
Of such as thee, meek inferior thing ;—
And yet, neglecting thee within their verse
But proves thy gain was with the reverse.
For left to the elderly virgin's tongue
Thou hast, throughout the world already sung,
With note more pleasing to the general ear
Than sweeter strains, no matter how they veer.
For who has not mused o'er the steaming pot,
While sweeter strains remain unsought ?
Yes, many a poet has sung and gone
While thy dull unmetered hum goes on !
Old maids ! beware ! I warn attend the urn,

For poets soon may have their sumptuous turn
And vie with far more sweeter strains
Than thy simple, hissing urn proclaims.

MISS GOSSIP.

My maiden name is Gossip
And I've had many a chance ;
But I would never swop it—
Not at the very first glance.

No, I prefer to remain single
Just as long as I can,
If my tongue is in the middle
I wouldn't be a man !

I know I'm not invited
To the entertainment of ours ;
But even if I'm slighted
I know who keeps these late hours.

There's that silly Miss So-and-so,
With all her airy airs ;
I know she went to see "Zozo,"
And had orchestra chairs.

Why, and look at that new dress,
With its astonishing pleat !
Now isn't it enough to distress
Those who try to look neat ?

Why, if she was my daughter
 And I had anything to say !
 Now you know, I'd just walk her
 In a promising way.

They say I'm a great talker
 And heaping full of gad ;—
 And because she isn't my daughter
 I am terribly mad.

Gracious Lord ! do you suppose
 That I'd have a man about ?
 Well, no ! not for all the clothes
 This here town could turn out.

Ah ! isn't that a stranger ?
 Why, who else can it be ?
 What an awful neat stepper,
 I'll just go out and see.

I never was so mistaken,
 Who do you suppose it is ?
 Why, it's that young Mister Chapin
 Without that beard of his.

Oh ! I'm in such a flutter,
 These wicked, thoughtless men !
 They don't care how they start yer,
 But they'll never say "when."

THE MILL ON THE DAMN-SIDE.

A corporation skirts the town,
Polluting every germ of health
By hiring children scarcely grown
While they speed on toward wealth.

The mill suggests ! the curse survives !
Of slaving children for their gain ;
While social law protects their lives
And boldly will their rights sustain.

The notice hangs within their doors,
But only for the blind to read,
For this is what they tell their boys,
If they to sixty hours agreed.

A lock is on this prison door,
A watch is stationed at the gate,
They care not for the ten hour law
And spurn the orders of our State !

They'd hire our babes when first they creep,
If they could spin the twisted thread ;—
They figure *only* what is cheap
And know the need is daily bread !

Our town is small, but wide awake
To an illegal glass of beer ;—
And well offenders know their fate
When they attempt the traffic here.

The mill still here polluting thrives,
 Defiant to all posted laws !
 And children more will slave their lives
 Before they'll fear the eagle's claws !

The mill still rules ! the curse survives !
 'Tis twisted in their very thread,
 'Twill spool upon their moneyed lives
 And follow them when they are dead !

A NEW FOWL-PIECE.

Of sensations rich and rare
 I have one to relate,
 And though it started quite a scare,
 It justly took the cake.

About a noisy little pug
 That startled well the town,
 By getting all his daily grub
 In running chickens down.

He killed his neighbors one by one,
 The rest got up and fled ;—
 And when he saw what he had done
 He merely scratched his head !

One day the neighbor he came home
 To find his breeders dead,
 When he sat down upon a stone
 And likewise scratched his head !

The dog looked back and saw him there,
Shaking his troubled pate ;—
When up he went into the air,
Just where, I can't relate.

The owner hunted for his Ben
And talked of war and peace,
But Ben had met a different hen,
And skipped with a new *fowl-piece*.

THE ESCAPE.

Dying in a prison ward
A wounded convict lay ;
His head pillowed by a pard
Who wore the prison grey.

Just at his side a letter,
Begrimed by frequent care,
And in his cell the jailer
Sat, in the only chair.

A little pet canary,
Though doubly caged by fate,
Was singing sweet and cheery
Within the walls so great.

I am dying, he would say,
To shield another's wrong,
Wondering he passed the day,
At night his soul was gone.

And before he breathed his last
 He rose up in his bed ;—
 With his eyes a setting fast,
 In broken accents said :

“ I’m going ‘ Pard ! ’—I’m going !
 I’ve scaled the wall this time,
 I hear the guards, they’re firing
 Along the watchful line !

“ Say ‘ Pard ! ’ they’ll be suspended !
 They’re shooting wide to-night ; ”—
 And here his soul ascended
 From darkness into light !

LINES

Written on the beach at New Bedford, February 1st,
 1878.

I saunter by the coming tide,
 Alone upon the sea-strewn shore,
 And yet forever at my side
 Seems a spirit wandering o’er.

The cold dull thud of the sea
 Beguiles me with that sweeter lay,
 That touched our souls in harmony
 And moved our hearts but in one way.

I linger by the familiar seat
 Where oft I named the stars above,

And there, again, thy thoughtless retreat
But moves me to thee in my love.

O soul ! art thou forever gone,
Or dost thou sometimes seem with me ?
And do I sit but here alone
Or am I on the shore with thee ?

[THE DEATH OF THEODORE BEANE.

There's a footprint for the purest snow,
A death-knock for the slighted door ;—
There's a rough impression of sorrow
That each heart alone must endure.

Each hearthstone has its dying ember,
That lingers on with feeble glow ;—
Each fireside its elder member
That while others stay it must go.

And thus 'tis those that dying leave us,
That light the pathway to the goal,
That otherwise would seem treacherous,
To the weary wandering soul !

For death, like the snow that's falling,
On this cheerless wintry day,
Is with its mission hastening
Hopeful spring on her joyous way.

BEN AND MA.

The service was ending,
 The hat was going round ;—
 And the coins falling
 Gave a musical sound.

It was up to the banker,
 At his ease giving hand ;—
 And he mortgaged a bumper
 On the promising land !

And his handsome daughter,
 With her queenly smile,
 Had folded another
 For the carpeted aisle.

But the deacon, bowing,
 Passed on his way ;
 While a kid sat pointing
 Where the fiver lay !

Still, with assuming grace,
 The deacon held the hat,
 'Till he came face to face
 Before the anxious brat.

And nearly bending in two
 Lending his abler ear,
 He leaned far over the pew
 That he'd distinctly hear.

" You dropped a fiver, ' Snell,'
The seventh pew beyond ;
I saw it as it fell,
It came from Mr. Pond."

Straightway the aisle he went
To where the fiver lay ;—
And when he his body bent
A voice came : " Let us pray."

And there to the kid's delight,
Not daring to stand up,
Deacon held the fiver tight—
Another " V " he cut !

The mother could no longer bear,
She made those pants for Ben ;—
A well placed grip, an awful tear,
And then the chant, Amen !

The congregation they filed out,
While Ben and ma they stayed behind,
For ma had been a trifle stout,
And pants are seldom lined.

THE BROKEN VASE.

Beside yon humbly mounded grave,
Wherein some form now lowly lies,
A broken vase imparts the love,
That a withered flower implies !

The sweetness of its dying blush
 Has sought a milder atmosphere,
 And like the soul that leaves the dust
 To move within another sphere,

The grave is but the broken vase
 Wherein we place the treasured gem,
 To meet with that mysterious fate
 That claims a wisdom over men !

Lone inmate of this shaded spot,
 The solitude of death is thine !
 I, too, some day will share thy lot
 And but await unfolding time.

The churchyard gloom shall then be mine,
 O ! will some stranger gently place
 A fragrant blooming jessamine
 Within *my* stained and broken vase !

That it may stop some passer-by
 To look upon its wilted sedge,
 And think as I have learned to sigh
 The fragrance of its life is fled.

—

THE BROOK.

Upon thy banks, O babbling stream,
 I learned and loved to idly dream ;—
 By thee I passed the hours of day
 In rudely dreaming time away.

Listening to thy idle song !
Dreaming as it sallied on,
To the little maid with leaky cup
Who climbs the rock to catch a sup.

O ! blithesome brook, how like my dream
Is thy noisy, prattling stream !
Flowing o'er the golden sand
On to its fall so near at hand.

Though ere so vain, the fevered brow
Doth find a balm within thy flow ;—
And thou, oh ! dream, in youth so vain,
Yieldeth hours to my life again.

ODE TO A MOSQUITO.

Vain minstrel of the evening train
There is no charm within thy strain,
And why persistent wilt thou play
To me, who care not for thy lay ?

Away ! disturber of my sleep !
And force me not my vow to keep,
Nor stay to tune thy airy harp,
As though thou play'st with any sharp.

Dull bird ! thy simple touching strain
Imparts more truth than I proclaim ;—
For I have heard that from thy note

The very best musicians quote !
That all the music doth depend
Upon the sounds that natures lend.

How now ! for this audacious bird
Can I forgive the cheek bestirred,
If notes that charm this ear of mine
But signify what *has* been thine ?

And yet I ne'er can wear the ore,
Though the diamond be its core ;—
So I reject thy serenade,
Although it has a Mozart made.

AT NEWPORT CLIFFS.

I stood at night upon the cliffs
That sternly face the Newport sea ;—
And watched the breakers rolling in,
And heard their wild, sad minstrelsy.

The moon was in its splendor bright,
Its pale light falling on the sea,
That leaped and pranced among the crags
That moved to sway in melody.

Above my head the palace soared,
Below me stood the fisher's cot ;
I saw the scene that favored both
And felt the wisdom that it taught.

A RAILROAD CROSSING.

There is a railroad crossing,
Not very far away !
And the signal gives the warning
At night and break of day.

"Lookout" is the word that's given
On the towering post at hand,
And your chances are about even
For the happier, better land !

For they are always running
At an ever heedless rate,
And the public in travelling
Are simply making them great !

And when you're at the crossing,
In the dark hours of the night,
Take a yankee for guessing,
The bell will not be right !

But the expresses will be coming,
With their loads of human freight !
And the bell will do its ringing,
When it is all too late !

Now it is only a question,
And to their great delight,
When we give *them* the signal
And furnish *them* the light !

And when in the near future
You are obliged to cross,
A red light is the feature
On the nose of your horse!

PURGATORY.*

We visited the place to-day,
Where a rumored hell is found ;—
We roamed along its rugged way
But saw no Devil around.

We sat upon the great high rocks
That looked the chasm o'er,
But saw none of his puny flocks
And heard no streams of gore.

We threw him crackers by the bunch,
With a lighted fuse on each ;—
And had he really craved a lunch,
We were food within his reach!

We left our names to catch his sight
And sauced him at his cave ;—
And when he goes down home to-night,
I know he'll wildly rave.

*A deep ravine or chasm, curiously picturesque and startling, which is situated in the town of Sutton, Mass., and bears the above denomination.

But I'm sure he was not there ;
 Does he get his beer at " Plympt's " ?
 If so we passed his fabled mare
 With two of his drunken imps.

CHERRY-ROT.

Written in reply to the criticism on my first pamphlet,
 " Cherries from a Young Tree."

Big guns, this editor's notice,
 Three chips from the " Cherry-tree " ;—
 And " Cherries " are quite the novice
 In newspaper melody !

I sigh for your metrical skill,
 I need the great " Cæsura " ;—
 To you the Muses give their fill,
 With me they're just peculiar.

I see the jar of faulty rhymes,
 The " Heliotrope " is ample ;—
 But I'll wake up to suit the times,
 Pray give us now a sample.

Now stick to " the natural pause,"
 To " random," leave your thinking, —
 Just cram your head with metric laws
 And trade you wit, for clinking !

A song from the lusty critic,
 In nice poetical shoes ;—

I never see any one kick,
Quite free from the ugly blues.

No doubt, I have the common spleen
And perhaps you'll set me right ;—
But how plainly it can be seen
Your spleeny, splenetic flight !

Big feet, for my metrical thoughts
That walk in my poetry prose ;—
I see you're way up in the arts,
Now kick at that fly at your nose !

Three cheers ! for the great "Cæsura,"
I can easily leave my wit ;—
I'll smoke the cheapest Madura
And write without thinking a bit.

THE TIMES.

The times are now in rank and rueful state
When feeble actions make our notions great ;
When silly twiddle twaddle marks our age,
Repletes our press and fills her every page :
When papers much by fancy spread the news,
And readers more by proxy form their views.
For columns that should elevate the mind
Have turned spittoon for phlegm of human kind ;
And now, the hen that lays the greatest egg
Is quite of moment as the loss of leg—

And here we read of country maiden frail
Who turns her turkeys to a cheaper mail,*
To gobble out her greed and love for fame
By letting printers show her lack of shame;
And more, a dime-show courts her brazen face
To scoop the nickels from an easy race—
But worse, who gave this idle theme the wing,
This making presents to the booby thing?
While sparing cities deal the poor their need,
Yet notions such as these we serve indeed.
And she a teacher in our public schools,
While strange it is we have so many fools;
But wit and sense full well discouraged now,
For ages hence have made their final bow.

Again, we see the craze of dory fame
When men will navigate the foamy main
With craft too fickle for a mill-pond gale
While rabble runs to hear the breezy tale.
Anon, we hear how entertained by queen,
And photographs and boat can now be seen,
While winged the coppers fly to help his state
For this by foolish times is noted great!
Yet, wounded soldiers starve within our fold
And creaking treasures boast of surplus gold.

And see the rashful youth! with jumping vain,
Who risks his life full turned by worldly gain;

* A rural individual recently became the recipient of numerous valuable presents, by placing begging letters in marketable turkeys.

And headlong leaps from off the highest place,
 To sink a lifeless mass through whirling space,
 To be picked up upon the circling bay
 And borne to weeping mother worn and gray.
 Another still attempts the risky feat :
 Who, more fortunate, lands upon his feet,
 And thus in triumph, he is led away
 To make his living in a lazy way.
 Such acts our papers spread with flashy views
 While youthful minds drink deep the catchy
 news ;
 And sigh prodigious for the jumper's art
 With loss of comfort to a mother's heart.

The pugilist for paltry purse of pounds,
 Will fight like beast through many bloody rounds,
 And fall a senseless heap of battered meat,
 To be brought to and learn of his defeat.
 These acts are often backed by men of wealth
 Who thus grow fat through loss to others' health ;
 And oft some quiet spot with grassy mound
 Suggests who met his death by fatal round !

Now when such acts do every day appear,
 Why wonder then that our decline is near !
 For see, Society has felt the wane
 When character no longer gains a name ;
 And money makes the worth and sense of man
 When fops and fribbles fill our better clan.
 The nicety of dress and giddy taste

Is highest art upon this human waste ;
And this, or that, is wholly out of style
Because it is some chatty woman's wile :
While such deformities of common sense
Have drove our wits and all our betters hence—
And so transformed this elevated plain,
To worldly thrift and influential gain,
That higher minds in silence keep apart
Or find their union in the thinker's art.

The great Theatre, too, perceives our age,
And moved by counting dollars suits the rage
With scenes, where nudity is leading part
And transformations show the latest art ;
Or oft adapt some writer's trashy tale
Because it 's great by quickly finding sale.
The merits of a piece they ne'er partake,
Their only question is, to make a stake ;
And play well advertised, though truly weak,
Is sure to meet with consecutive week :
While higher scenes and nobler works lie dead
Because this educator 's lost its head !

Behold ! the church has joined the swelling
throng.
And losing caste, promotes a greater wrong !
When men will preach to suit the reigning taste,
Forsaking truth for folly's sandy waste ;
And gilded dome and ornamenting arts
By far outshine the worth of Christian hearts :

For style and guilt now fill the cushioned pew
 To whom the ushers bow attendance to—
 While there the stranger in the threadbare coat
 They scarce observe ; and strikingly remote,
 And almost turned away, he leaves the place
 With loss of faith and many a step from grace.
 And this is where we see our god-like ways
 When pride and fashion rule our Sabbath days !

Where church and morals take the downward
 course,
 Who doubts that other factors feel the force ?
 For politics is here with rapid gait
 When cunning schemers hold a country's fate—
 And most like wolves disturb the common good—
 By howling fraud in every party-hood :
 And thus, attracted by their swelling throats,
 They so deceive and catch our honest votes,
 That often we our interests throw away,
 Or see too late the politician's way.
 But did the people know their mighty strength,—
 Such acts would find a cause too long in length—
 In which deceitful tricks would fail in aim
 And every step would be our country's gain.

And now monopolies at every hand !
 With gain their bent devour the yielding land,—
 Or so arrange their crafty ruling schemes,
 That needy people swell their ample means :
 And everywhere their stately mansions rise

That well predict the gaining enterprise—
While hard oppressed the toiler of the day
Must yield to want and work for little pay ;—
And able scarce to earn the needful bread
Full oft his children hungry go to bed :
And sleep, forgetful of their early cares,
For God's sweet sleep is not confined to shares.
'Twere little thus the toiling poor would find
If syndicates controlled this rest to mind ;
But far above their vulture-like desire
It reigns supreme where purer thoughts inspire !
And yields a peace the world cannot bestow,
The greatest gift that man can have below.

And look, inventive themes by legions rise
That crush the poor while still the wealthy thrive ;
And note that most of these improving schemes
Are brought to light by those of lacking means :
And slow disposed for merest bagatelle
While companies arise with capital ;
And pomp and wealth denote the holder's gain
While weak inscription gives the maker's name.
And every trade is so demoralized
By giving schemes, by dealers advertised,
That the humble merchant with little means,
From active business moves to other scenes ;
For now no longer can he hold his own
Against the rocks of competition blown—
And what we call the very sap of trade
For many a merchant a grave has made.

Is this where civilization points the way,
Or greed for wealth controls with grasping
sway?

Now such and more make up our weany times
As well as wordy thoughts and jarring rhymes ;
'Tis true that poetry is in decline
And literature succeeds where weapons shine !
While critics, with the new self-feeding quill
Still point to lays of Mother Goose's skill—
And deaf to cries except of silly type
The world lets go just where it should be tight ;
And quite neglected, merit sinks away
Forgotten at night, belittled by day !
Eternal love ! for those to honor bound
Who fill their trusts on conscientious ground,
And are not moved by rabble's erring sway,
For truth will come to light, as night to day.

OTHER DAYS.

I stand again upon the shore
Where rumbling falls the heaving bay ;—
And since I've heard these waters roar
A swift decade has passed away.

A swift decade of flying years
Has swept across this restless deep ;—
Since I along these rocky piers
Have seen the gathering billows sweep.

Again, the sound of gurgling tide
My willing thoughts with rapture fill ;—
And as the breakers near me glide
I feel the same familiar thrill.

'Twas here when hard oppressed I'd stroll
And leave my load upon the way ;—
For here beside the breakers' roll
My cares seemed like the foaming spray.

And oft along the foam-flecked strand
I've met some little ones at play ;—
And writing names upon the sand
They'd laugh at mine they couldn't say !

And from yon high and craggy cliff
I've watched the ships file out to sea ;—
And seen the breezes freshening stiff,
Full speed them on in company.

But now, alone, unknown I stand,
My crowding thoughts I cannot keep ;—
For time and years these days have spread
As ships upon the widening deep.

THE POOR-HOUSE TOOK HIS MOTHER.

Just in the rear of dismal court
Where towering buildings cast their shade ;
On feeble shanties cropping forth
In which the sun scarce ever strayed.

Behind these walls of cheerless gray
 Within a room of wretched state,
 An old and feeble woman lay,
 Benumbed by cold, bestarved by fate.

With lips now sealed by palsied stroke
 She helpless lies upon a bed,
 Where gnawing rats with crowding choke
 Have made her stricken flesh their bread ;—
 And thus still breathing she is found,
 Then moved to house across the way
 Where little more than hers abound
 Behind these walls of massive gray.

Her life has been a bitter war
 To check starvation in its sway ;—
 A meagre crust the most she saw
 From rising morn to closing day :
 Behind these walls there left alone
 By son with money in the bank
 Who married one of higher tone,
 With whom his mother could not rank !

Her fate has stirred the court-yard square
 And visitors full thick arrive—
 Who block the way with curious stare
 Or ask if she is still alive ?
 While from their midst with pompous mien
 A man ascends the narrow stair,
 And giving orders plainly seen,
 Suggests for her the pauper's care !

But needing more than beggar's share
She lingered scarce till closing day;
And left her life of weary care
For rest, where griefless paupers lay—
Perhaps her son will sometimes think
For thoughts will not always smother,
That when he left her at death's brink,
The poor-house took his mother!

THE CITY BANK.

The city bank is running short,
And figures tell a lie;—
The streets are filled with whisp'ring talk
A banker's living high!

The sharers, they are losing faith
In one they placed their trust;—
A meeting comes but just too late,
The bank can only bust!

The sun breaks in on palace home,
The banker's in the jail!
While wife and children they can moan
And face the shameful tale.

But wait, they'll let him out again
And hush this awful steal;—
For things will take a brighter vein
When banker states his deal!

Behold ! they talk of compromise,
The banker now goes free ;—
And banks are sure to meet a rise
When thieves again agree.

The news has reached the poor man's home,
And chills the evening meal ;—
His thoughts are centered on his own,
He fears the coming deal.

And to the poor the banks run short
With them the figures lie ;—
For they must pay where bankers sport
And keep them living high !

I WAS A MILLIONAIRE.

I once became a millionaire
With grand estates and palaces ;—
And quite enough of worldly share
In equipage and carriages :
I owned the finest palace car
That ever rolled o'er glistening rail ;—
I had the swiftest yacht by far
That ever spread or furled a sail.

I had my cooks and butler, too,
Imported from the royal isle ;—
For me Americans wouldn't do,
I liked the great ancestral style :

My pretty maids and valets came
From crowded courts of eminence,
My money quickly gave me fame
I needed *them* as evidence.

I gave my banquets and my hops
At which the gay elite would shine;—
And get quite full with gadding fops
By sitting long at sparkling wine;—
I had my truly blooded mare
That entered every steeple chase,
And brought me in a goodly share
When figured in a winning race.

I visited the other side
And went among the ruling squibs;—
'Twas here I found my royal bride
And won her heart with crowning fibs:
I married in the greatest style
With honeymoon on foreign land—
And when I came back to the isle
I felt the grasp of every hand.

They wanted me in parliament
To re-arrange their reigning laws;—
But I preferred the continent.
And left them to adjust their flaws;
And after many fond adieus
We saw the land slip out of sight,
Which gave my wife the worst of blues
And brought her little rest that night.

But on the morn she seemed quite well,
 And through the many pleasant days,
 We watched the ocean's ceaseless swell
 And felt its grand majestic sways.
 But soon we sighted native shores,
 My friends were quick to board the ship,
 My wife was kissed by many scores,
 And all I heard was of the trip.

At eve a grand reception came,
 The papers teemed with selling news ;—
 And in the columns of the same
 I there appeared in artist's views :
 And thus I lived in grandest style
 I made the town a princely gift,
 But here I have to add a smile,
 For scenes must now by changes shift.

For every cat will have its night,
 The grandest dream its breaking morn ;—
 And so my thoughts had taken flight
 From out the little end the horn ;—
 And daylight came to room quite bare
 Wherein I dreamed, wherein I woke !
 Indeed, I was no millionaire,
 In fact, I really was *dead-broke* !

WELCOME.

There's a motto framed and hanging
In a room just o'er the way,
And the worsted work has meaning,
Though it cannot "welcome" say.

"Welcome" is the word that's woven
In the frame just o'er the door,
And the sunlit window open
Throws it shadow on the floor.

The little nymph now a sleeping
On the bed so clean and white,
Is the wisdom and the meaning
Of the motto I would write.

My kisses are with her slumbering
On those lips so shapely sweet,
And the snowy sheets lie crumpling
At the dainty dimpled feet.

Can it be of me she's thinking
In the twilight of her dream,
How marked and plain the meaning
Of the motto I have seen.

For she came in days of sadness,
I had long been out of work,
But she filled our home with gladness
With her cunning little chirp.

And she pays with love and kisses,
 'Twas by this our hearts she won,
 She has Mama's golden tresses
 And Daddy's little "welcome" !

THEIR COURTSHIP.

The funniest little courtship
 That ever anybody saw,
 You may talk of love and friendship
 But this was first a common jaw ;
 Now they first became acquainted
 Behind the bars with prison rife :
 And too it was intimated
 That they were sentenced there for life.

But this did not seem to fret them
 I never heard them heave a sigh ;
 Though escape they could and often,
 I never saw them even try :
 Yet when poor Pete he spoke of love
 I wish you could have seen her eyes,
 I know he wished himself above
 A roost just nearer to the skies.

You may talk about the eagle,
 And all the fury it can boast ;
 'Twas a jews-harp to a bugle,
 Or a Hamlet to a Ghost !

Anon, they took a different turn,
And kisses filled the dullest ears ;
If ever heart got its return
It came in this the maiden's fears.

And Cupid won by faultless aim
For prisoners they were in truth,
And bound each other's heart became
As fast as in the prison booth ;—
While now behind the shading bars
They talk of having babies,
For such oft leads from family jars
In courtships of canaries !

DYING ALONE.

Passing away !
Within the gloom of squalid home,
A worn and wearied woman lay ;—
Waiting for death, waiting alone !

Dying alone !
Without one little word of cheer ;—
With feet alike the coldest stone
And now another night is near.

Dying for bread !
Within the sound of Christian ears ;—
Without a hand to hold her head
Or wipe away her choking tears.

Dying at last !
 While lingers now one feeble spark ;—
 A little quiver, all is past !
 Her soul has left the room so dark.

Now stiff and cold !
 Within the shade of churchy gray ;—
 And *none* will close her lips and fold
 Those arms of weary working clay.

Rotten and foul !
 The nose of human aid is keen ;—
 And but for this and tenant's growl,
 She'd been there *now*, for all I've seen !

But found at last !
 She's borne like beast to hiding grave ;—
 Her lonely death repeats the past
 That man neglects, but God will save !

A LIKELIHOOD.

The river runs beneath my feet,
 The waters sparkle in the sun ;—
 With me my days are quite as fleet
 As on the stream of time they run—

A humble birth, the merest start,
 And soon I reached the river's side ;—
 A little light the darker part
 And now among the surges glide.

And through the bridge I'll whirl at last
Quite worn with froth and foam of time ;
For in the waters sweeping past
I see a fate resembling mine.

ROCKS.

I sit in my old rocking chair
And write my poetry prose ;—
I meet my share of worldly care
And like my seedy clothes.

I see in my old rocking chair
The eyes of envy green ;—
I find my friends have quite a share
Of this the common spleen.

I hear in my old rocking chair
My songs have scarce a sale ;—
I turn to jest the feeble scare
And jibe the flapping tale.

I rock in my old rocking chair
At close of toilsome day :
And watch my critics pulling hair,
While I rock on and say,

I'll keep my old rocking chair,
My wife and dog are mine ;—
I've rocked a lot of weary care
Asleep in simple rhyme.

I'll sing in my old rocking chair
The songs that seldom sell ;—
I'll give the world my meagre share,
And let the ages tell.

A CANDIDATE.

A howling wolf is at the door,
With cries of " Let me in ! "
The greed of office is his gore
His aim is but to win.

He bloats the town with speeches red
And dictates for our gain ;—
Four years ago he turned and said
'Twas for the very same.

He changed our votes where'er he could
By fair and scaly means ;—
He gave them work who ever would
Support his selfish themes.

And now he hopes for needed aid
From those he tried to crush ;—
If this is what the party's made
I feel the staining blush !

But when *men* come to cast their vote
And howl still marks the door—
May righteous acts their course promote
For wolves come back for more.

DEATH.

O, Death, thou good Samaritan,
Heedless of either sex or clan,
Thou giv'st to all a better aid
Than either earth or life persuade.

Best physician, of ablest skill,
Thy cure bespeaks no boding ill ;—
Though sweets may oft neglect the draught
Its bitterness is with the thought.

Thou fiend ! and in no better light
To those who act with equal right ;—
But messenger of love divine,
To those who hold thy God, is mine !

ORATORS, VIA SORE-HEADS.

I'm a sore-headed orator
Without any fame ;—
For the bump is the factor
As I will explain :—
I've always longed for the stage
But what if I should squawk,
And you know 'tis all the rage
To just get up and talk.

I'm a sore-headed orator
With great political views,
Big deals for my repertoire

Town gossip for my news ;—
 I could make a grand discourse
 If I only got a start,
 For as a matter of course
 I come from the State they're smart.

I'm a sore-headed orator
 Of pugilistic fame ;—
 I'm down on keeping order
 And I've a terrible name—
 I should have spoken long ago
 I have had many a chance ;—
 I use to run a sparring show
 And end with a social dance.

I'm a sore-headed orator
 And I detest to see,
 Those who can do the actor
 When 'tis too much for *me* ;—
 For how small it makes me feel
 When seeing what I lack,
 But I'm sure to lose the deal
 If fortune cuts the pack.

I'm a sore-headed orator
 In the very worst line,
 And I hiss any performer
 Even locally fine ;—
 For I hate music and wit
 If to elevate it aims,

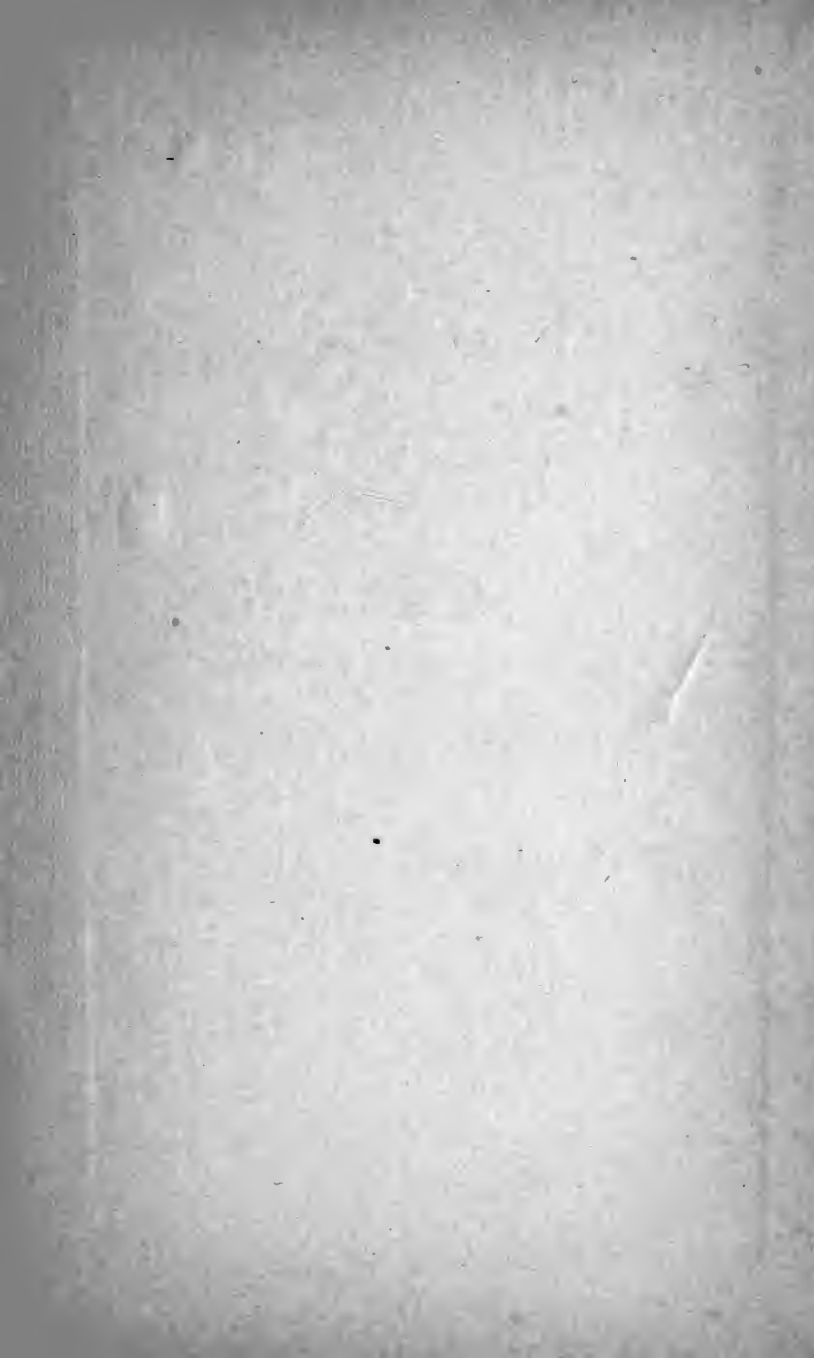
And I will have none of it
Because I have'nt the brains.

The sore-headed orator
Is becoming quite thick,
And though a dandy performer
He is *always* too sick ;—
But if wind did the talking
And parrots made the words,
We would soon hear a squawking
Like the common green birds.









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